Silent Communication.

A busy, tired merchant, in the earli r hours of the evening, goes to his room with books and newspapers, and seeks the rest and quiet of his pillow. His wife is still in the parlor, and in a room adjoining him the little ones are asleep. Presently, he hears a rustling, the patter of two little feet, which also reaches the quick ear of mother down stairs—the sweet baby boy of three toddles to his father's bedside, pushes away the paper in his hand, climbs up, twines his arms around his neck, kisses him, is entwined with strong arms and kissed in return. Not a word is spoken on either side, the little fellow slips gently to the floor, trips back to his crib, and in a moment is fast asleep. One week later death's scarlet winged arrow smiles, and in a few days he is away in the other home.

What fragrant flowers from the garden of memory that father gathers as he recalls that unspoken farewell! It is a crystallization of a brief and lovely life of winsomeness. It is a foretaste of unspeakable welcomings when they meet again face to face in the presence of Him to whom they both belong.

Mendelssohn's "songs without words" thrill us through and through, as fingers of delicate touch sweep over the keys. But there are more refined songs than these. Many of the songs in the night, written and set to music to cheer us on the march or the halt or the battle-field by our Heavenly Father, are even voiceless. They are silent as the approach of dawn or the falling of the dew. Beside the couch of pain. where one more and dearer than life suffers and waits results, the tireless watcher ministers through many a weary hour in eloquent silence. Words would mar the interchange of affection. Eye answers eye, and heart throb, heart throb. Love reigns, assured, assuring, needing no further witness: it is as strong and silent as the tremendous power of gravitation.

How silent those moments of a Communion Sabbath, when from hand to hand and from lip to lip pass that bread, and that cup, as they have descended to us through all the centuries and the generations from the very hand of the Lord Himself! The ear hears no sound, but the heart discerns the Voice and the Touch of the Master. This is no touch of poetic feeling, good as that may be, but immovable, solid fact.

Away down in the farthest depths of ocean the waters are in a calm and stillness indescribable. The winds and waves may wrestle, and writhe and roar, rending rocks and wrecking the world's navies, but no motion nor commotion reaches that awful profound. It is as still as a stone. Learn the parable. Contrary winds and waves may assail you, and the night be very dark, and the world, the flesh and the devil may unite to kill your hope and crush yourself, but if a man can say, as inspiration writes, "Christ liveth in me," he has unspoken communication with his Lord: he has a great calm even when the storm rages. The soldier on the lonely picket, the merchant full of cares at the turmoil of the mart, the mother sorely tried by peevish child, the hurrying traveller on crowded street, the student perplexed with his much thinking, anybody, everybody, can any time, every time, open the whole heart to Him who is close beside us all the way and all the day, telling Him all, and asking all, without waiting for the poor ministry of words. Thoughts are often too ponderous or too tender for words, and He who knoweth our hearts knows all.

So, while we highly prize words and set speech, let us not be unmindful of the use and power of silence.

JAMES GARDNER, D. D.

God is Everywhere Present.

BY W. Z. REPLOGLE.

Read at the prayer meeting at New Enterprise, on Sunday evening, March 20th, 1887.

In reading over the scriptures, both old and new, we find many promises recorded in them, and among them we find the promise given by God that He will be everywhere present. Now the question comes up before the mind "is He every where present?" We say after reading the word of God that He is. We find that He was present in the creation, He was with Noah in building the ark, he was with Abram through his life, He was with Moses at the burning bush, He was with Jacob at Bethel, he was with Daniel in the lion's den, he was with the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, he was with Christ while upon earth, He was with him at the crucifixion, and in many other places we can read that God was present.

Do you realize it? I fear we do not realize it as we should. Judging from the way people go through the world, what other conclusion can we come to? We have reasons to believe that some even dislike to think of it. While on the other hand those who love to think of it can find great comfort in the promise. Who can fail to love that passage wherein the Psalmist David says: "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And again he says: "If I ascend up into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there, if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there thy hand shall lead me." Why should any one fear to realize this sublime truth, that we cannot flee from his presence. It should be a comfort to us. And let us remember that in every trial, when the day seems dark and gloomy that God is ever ready to help us.

We are sometimes made to wonder that God will stay with us, when we think how ungreatful we are, how thankless we are for the blessings bestowed upon us. Yet with all this He is with us in the morning He is with us through the day, and at evening when we lie down upon our beds to rest, we hear the still small voice whisper, I'll be with thee and watch over thee during the night.

Why should we do aught that should displease our allperfect friend. That which is uncomely in his sight is neither pleasant nor profitable in the end. Therefore let us not divorce our souls from him who is the real source of all our wisdom, strength and joy.

Self-Denial.

BY MOLLIE BOND.

Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God. Habitual self-denial, even in things lawful in themselves, yet in many cases inexpedient, mortification of our sinful inclinations, inward conflicts, the renunciation of worldly interests and connections, the scorn and hatred of the world, sore temptations, and salutary chastisements, and very bitter to our natural feelings. Habits likewise, and situation, often render some of them extremely painful, like cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye; and deep poverty, persecution, or seasons of public calamity, may enhance these tribulations. If we therefore, meet with nothing bitter, in consequence of our religious profession, we have great reasons to suspect that we are not in the narrow way; yet many argue against themselves, on account of those very trials, which are a favorable token in their behalf. But, on the other hand, the believer has a joy that a stranger intermeddleth not with, which counterbalances all our sorrows so that even in this life we possess more solid satisfaction than they do, who choose the road to destruction from fear of the difficulties attending the way of life. Satan is, however, peculiarly successful in persuading some, that religion, the very essence of heavenly happiness, will make them miserable on earth; and that sin, the source of all the misery in the universe, will make them happy! By such manifestations satan supports his cause.

Keezeltown, Va.

Advice to Boys.

BY D. W. THOMAS.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men. Then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and fearful, and deceive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time! Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked and was an ugly eye-sore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn, right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to straighten it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect. And yet think of the time when the large tree was a sapling; a child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and every one would have admired it. By this I mean that boys ought to grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once; begin in time, and you will be straight as an arrow when you are a man. If you wait, it will be too late The way to make men erect and noble is to take them when they are boys, and show them there is nothing in this world so noble as doing their duty.

Once more I say, remember that though you are boys now you will be men soon. You may do good or evil. If you are false and worthless, you and every body else will have a hard time of it. You may be judges, statesmen, and presidents What you say or do may decide the fate of millions of other people. These will look to you; and more than all, God will watch you, and hold you to a strict account. If you are brave and true and unselfish, Heaven will bless you and every one who knows you will love and respect you. If you are mean and cowardly, and think of nothing but your own pleasure, God and men will hate you. Which will you be? The greatest of all things is to be pure and do your duty. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Be kind to father and mother, your brothers and sisters, be kind to all around you, and your Heavenly Father will bless.

Homeworth, Ohio.

Christ's Weary Ones.

Watch the faces as they go by you on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggles—with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned peddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall foot the bills that accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do too much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Bro. Smallfaith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil, he says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with small purses he kindly says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; at my right hand there are pleasures forevermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give everybody a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Jesus Christ to make everybody rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man is who has a clean conscience here and clear hope of heaven hereafter. To poor Bro. Smallfaith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback he gives a wonderful life in these words: Lo! I am with you alway. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."
—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Beware of Bible commentators who are unwilling to take God's words just as they stand. The devil induced one woman to accept his exegesis; now he has theological professors who are of his opinion.—*H. C. Trumbull, D. D.*